

## Good Night Stories

By Blanch Silver

Illustrated by News Harrison

HOW BETTY WAS MADE HAPPY.

BETTY sat quietly in the arm-chair on the porch as the children of the neighborhood ran by the gate on their way to the playgrounds. "I don't see why I had to have two misnamed feet," she exclaimed out loud. "Why couldn't I have been like other little girls?" and Betty looked at the crutch beside her on the floor and tears filled her eyes. "Well, well! Now, isn't that funny?" laughed a merry voice, and Betty giggled. Betty's little elfin friend from Mableville Land, hopped upon the arm of her chair. "Funny-how folks are never satisfied!" "Well, I guess if you had one leg shorter than the other and all the children called you 'Cripple,' you wouldn't feel very happy, either," sobbed Betty, the big tears rolling down her cheeks. "Dear me! Is that what makes you so unhappy?" smiled Betty's friend. "Well, forget it for one second, and see if you can help me out. Down to the other end of town is a family I want to help. Oh, sure I'll go with you!" exclaimed Betty, forgetting her own worries in a minute. Happy Giggles rapped three times on the porch floor, said a few magic words and waved his feathered cap in the air, and out of the bushes onto the porch there floated a dear little fairy, too!



Betty Laughed Merrily.

Betty saw so much to be done she forgot herself so far as to lay down her crutch, and she laughed merrily when the elfin called her attention to the fact. And to think I had been feeling sorry for myself! she laughed. Before she knew it she had the house straightened up, the children cleaned, and a good hot supper steaming on the stove when the father returned. After that Happy Giggles came every day and took Betty some place where she could be of some service. Before long the neighbors' children instead of calling her "Cripple," called her "Happy" for now Betty always had a smile and a cheery word of help for every one. She soon found out that no matter how miserable you were, you're not if you looked around you could find some one worse off, and it kept Betty so busy helping those who were worse off than her that she never had time to think of her own little self.

## WORDS OF WISE MEN

Day is what we expect from others.

Rapid transit is all right for those who do not happen to step in front of it.

Don't waste all your flowers on the dead. There's a lot of bloom in the lives of men once in a while.

The secret of life is fellowship—common work, common hope, common faith and hope. Without fellowship, this world is hell. With fellowship it is nothing less than heaven.

There are some people who contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disconcerting things. If the strength spent in grumbling would often set things right.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, OCT. 31, NOV. 1.

Sunday's astrological map is read as indicating a removal, change or journey which should bear successful results. In consideration of which propitious condition a tendency to worry should be subdued, as all matter should proceed satisfactorily.

Those whose birthday it is should have a year of successful change, and prosper. A child born on this day may be fond of change and travel, and make a success.

Monday's horoscope justifies a most optimistic outlook, since a long chain of natural and lunar aspects encourages flourishing and satisfactory conditions in all lines of endeavor. The rising planets are in most powerful operation for progress, advancement and financial success. Those in employment should seek promotion or increase, others should seek favors from those in high places. The danger of defeat is forecast from the adverse aspect of Mars, tending to rash or impulsive conduct. Avoid litigation, and sign papers carefully.

Those whose birthday it is have the prophecy of a successful and prosperous year. A child born on this day will be progressive, successful and prosperous.

## HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

The Way Dicky First

Greeted Madge.

MENTALLY Mother Graham's words, though I did not assent vocally to her statement that I knew "how idiotic Richard can be," I know too well how Dicky could mask any real purpose of his under such a mass of badinage that one despaired of discovering what was really in his mind. That any attempt of mine to find out for his mother what he meant by his sudden rush of letters to New York real estate firms would be utterly futile I also realized, but I could not tell her so. With the idea of gaining time to best phrase my answer to her demand that I "take Richard in hand," I looked down at Junior in my arms, then, in turn, at his grandmother.

"He's asleep," I whispered. "Will you please turn down the covers of his crib? We'll talk after I put him down."

"Wait till I take off his little shoes," she said with the curious little propensity she has never to do exactly the thing asked of her, but to modify it in some way.

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## A HALLOWE'EN CONSPIRACY

By Juanita Hamel



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MOST every chap has something of the small bad boy in him. The spirit of mischief that led him to smoke his Dad's long, black cigar in a secluded nook back of the old red barn, is still smouldering in him, you may be sure. It may not come to the surface

conventional speech. But I had a gleeful little premonition that he would soon come to me with the ostentatiously careless air he assumes when he wishes to make amends for his rudeness, and yet in too stubborn to proffer a regular apology.

I had no special reason for thinking this, save for the report his mother had brought me of his absurdly gay mood. When he is in one of those, it is not in Dicky's nature to hold himself against any one.

No matter how angry I am at Dicky, I am always thrilled, absurdly excited, by the prospect of the patching up of a quarrel with him. I busted myself in the living room for a minute or two, then ran into my father's empty room—ac was out for one of his interminable walks—primped a bit before his mirror—then went out into Mrs. Lukens's garden to pluck some of the daffodils she had given me permission to gather.

With them and a few sprigs of the long-leaved pine flanking their wonderful waxy purple berry-like blossoms, I went back into the living room. Taking a brown earthen bowl which Mrs. Lukens's good taste had provided for flowers, I arranged them to my own satisfaction, and also to Dicky's, as he strode through the door and looked at them.

"Pretty nifty, old dear!" he said, with as casual friendliness as if we had parted on a friendly conversation. "But suppose you put on your hat and come out with me? I want to get at the bottom of this business about Rita Brown."

So and said the censor of a former day, and the tale has been so often told that it is quite unnecessary to repeat it.

The young man who has taken up the cudgels for his generation says to immediate predecessors: "What have you done to give us such a start? Have we not grown up to find a world all out of joint—exhausted and almost in despair over the war of all wars? Have we not found you, yourselves—our fathers and mothers and elder sisters and brothers—mildly singing and dancing, racing over the roads in high-power automobiles, recklessly flying in the air, intent upon nothing but excitement and rivalry?"

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